The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street.
South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo.
Daily with Sunday	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.65
Daily without Sunday	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only	2.00	1.00	.50	.25

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday	15 cents
Daily without Sunday	10 cents
Sunday only	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1913.

WHAT THE ROADS ARE WORTH.

The approaching hearing by the State Corporation Commission, prior to the annual revaluation of the railroad property of the State will doubtless evoke the usual controversy as to whether or not the valuation fixed by the commission is a proper one.

There will be the usual gathering of attorneys to oppose any increase, of county representatives to plead for a high valuation, and the same uncertainty on all sides as to the real value of the physical property of these corporations. Indeed, we may even expect to hear reference to the famous rate case when the railroads stated their belief that their roadbeds were worth $80,000 the mile.

The press of the State has become so much accustomed to this annual controversy that we do not anticipate any great interest in it. But it is worth noting that we may, before many years, have for our guidance the figures of the engineers whom Congress has authorized to make a full valuation of all the railroads of the country. While this, it need not be said, is an enormous task, there is reason to believe that Virginia will be one of the first States where the valuation is made.

We say this valuation will give figures for our guidance, but we must again express our conviction that for purposes of taxation a satisfactory physical valuation will never be reached. The experience of Michigan with the memorable Cooley-Adams valuation showed this; every like attempt in recent years has met with the same fate. Where the elements of value involved are so numerous and complicated, and where the line of demarcation between tangible and intangible value is so difficult to draw, a physical valuation of a great system will ever remain a matter beyond the range of the most skilled economists.

It is for this reason that The Times-Dispatch has always favored a tax on gross earnings in lieu of all other taxes on railroad property, and it was for this reason that this paper approved that part of Mr. Moore's tax plan which would place the taxation of all public service and public utility corporations on the basis of gross earnings.

The present discord will continue until the new valuation is made; it may be lessened thereby, but a satisfactory result will not be attained until we shall have substituted for the present tax on franchise and on property a reasonable tax on gross earnings, graded according to the ratio of net to gross earnings.

VINDICATING SLANG.

They have vindicated slang in Chicago, and by a popular vote, in which college professors joined, they have decreed that the accounts of baseball games shall be written in that racy, picturesque English in which the rabid fan indulges. It all came about because the owner of the White Sox professed himself unable to interpret the doings of his own club as reported by the press. The newspaper men whom he asked to substitute "plain" English for slang referred the issue to their readers. The result is that vote in favor of slang—a vote so decisive that it reminds one of Wilson's majority in the electoral college. Queen's English was rejected overwhelmingly.

This suits us, as far as it goes, but the next question will be to determine what is slang. Old Tolderyy, who first used the phrase in his "History of the Two Orphans," printed in 1756, probably would turn over in his grave were he to read in the best literature of the day phrases which he as a purist, would have condemned a century and a half ago. And in the same way the American of 1950 will probably hear in his college lectures slang phrases at the mention of which litterateurs of our day would drop dead.

Slang is, after all, but new language in the making, and to stop it would be to put an end to real additions to our language. In the Philippines, for instance, as a writer in the current Review of Reviews points out, the Americans who hear the patois of the island, the provincial Spanish which is in use, are making a language of their own, interesting, terse, expressive and full of possibilities.

We confess ourselves, therefore, in sympathy with the Chicago advocates of terse English, and we expect to see our great mother tongue made richer and more forceful by the addition of words which are born of necessity.

After all, is not all language made for men, rather than men for language?

There will be no vaudeville at the Governors' Conference this year. Governor Cole Blease, of South Carolina, cannot attend.

Mrs. Pankhurst proclaims that she is resting, and advises her followers to go and do likewise. Is she planning to capture the $50,000 Nobel peace prize to replenish the war chest of the militants?

Is superstition passing? An authority on jewels says that the prejudice against opals has almost vanished, and that he knows of but two jewelers in the United States who refuse to deal in them.

WILSON AND FUNDAMENTALS.

President Wilson's Mexican message has been received by the country as a statesmanlike and frank expression of this country's proper policy. Those papers, however, which have consistently sneered at Mr. Wilson point out the length at which he dwells on "fundamentals," and they seem to find something unworthy in his plea that the United States be at once honest and generous.

These critics, indeed, reflect what is a widespread and deplorable aspect of public life—a contempt for the old-fashioned professions of right and wrong. This spirit one finds in the fugitive literature of the day, in much of our fiction and in many of the reviews whose editors shrug their shoulders and looked bored when a man in high office reminds the people that government must be honest and public servants righteous.

Reviewing this spirit and encountering it every day, we sometimes ask ourselves what has made it. Why do men grow cynically weary when the President declares we must be just? Why do the critics scoff when a strong man cries for mercy for the weak? As we see it, the answer is to be found in that indiscriminate muck-raking, so-called, which has given the people to believe that every man in a responsible position is unworthy, and that because one man is a thief all must be of the same category. We need never hope to maintain principles which are daily held up to derision and contempt.

Yet we are equally convinced that life is but these same fundamentals conscientiously practiced. We believe, too, that every reform for which men who love their brothers are fighting can only be achieved by an appeal to these same fundamental principles. This, we take it, is true of politics, true of business, true of personal life.

That such is the case the history of our country makes plain. When have we risen to high endeavor, and when have we achieved as a people mighty deeds? Only when we preached to the people that right was right and that wrong was wrong. Freedom was won for America because our fathers proclaimed that freedom and righteousness were one; freedom has been maintained in every national crisis because some man has mounted to the housetops and has appealed to every man's sense of right and wrong. Freedom and progress can never be maintained for the future otherwise than as in the past.

For our part we rejoice when a Kaiser preaches a sermon or when a President stirs the hearts and souls of men. We believe in fundamentals and we try to preach them, for "righteousness exalteth a nation!"

STRIKING AT THE ROOT.

Those who have waited for the question of prison contract labor to be squarely presented to the courts will see their hopes fulfilled in the suit of Anderson vs. Sterling, which will soon come before the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. Those who have no particular interest in prison labor, but love the riddles of the law, will likewise find this case worth watching.

Anderson, it appears, was a convict in the State penitentiary of Rhode Island, duly arrested and convicted and forced to work on a prison contract legally entered into by the State Board of Charities of Rhode Island. He worked no harder than any other man, was treated no worse and was duly discharged at the end of his term. But the National Committee on Prison Labor, which had long been seeking an opportunity to test the contract system, took up the man, employed able counsel and has his case before the Supreme Court.

The interesting part of the case is the reason alleged in the plea for wages 'quantum meruit on behalf of the former prisoner. The Constitution of Rhode Island, it is contended, has a direct prohibition of slavery; contract labor is slavery; the man subjected to it can recover at law for his services. There is nothing equivocal about this, nothing technical. It is a plain demand on fundamental principles.

To be sure, such action could only have been brought in Rhode Island, Maryland or Vermont, since these three are the only States where there is a distinct constitutional provision against all forms of slavery rather than the usual prohibition of slavery "except as a punishment for crime." But this does not alter the fact upon which the contention is based—that prison contract labor is slavery, law and Constitution apart. Some contracts are better than others; those which give the prisoner some compensation for his services are infinitely more human than those that do not; but all alike, in the final test, maintain slavery.

If this fact can be established at law, then we may expect victory in Rhode Island to bring victory elsewhere until the entire abomination is wiped out, and healthful, out-of-door employment is substituted in its place.

To encourage interest in athletics, the Czar has established a ministry of sport, somewhat after the fashion of our tennis cabinet, no doubt.

No matter whether free sugar is ordered or not, the people of Louisiana will still go on raising cane.

The scientists' declaration that 5 cents' worth of peanuts is the equivalent of 60 cents' worth of steak, will have the unanimous approval of the farmers of Eastern Virginia.

If you see Jane engaged in earnest conversation with pa, you can bet that she is asking for coin and that the old man is trying to compromise for 50 cents on the dollar.

Governor Foss, of Massachusetts, holds the world's record for political somersaulting.

THE LAW INCARNATE.

Joe McNeely, a negro, who lay wounded and helpless in a hospital in Charlotte, N. C., was seized, carried outside and shot to death by a mob of thirty-five men Tuesday night. He had assaulted a policeman, who still lives. Not one of his murderers has been identified.

It was the first time that lynch law has been invoked in either Charlotte or Mecklenburg County. It was the first lynching to disgrace North Carolina in years. Under the mask of night the infamous act was committed suddenly and swiftly. It shocked a horror-stricken community into unfaltering determination to bring to bar the mob who brought shame not only upon the community and the State, but upon the South as well.

The newspaper accounts declare that two policemen, stationed in the hospital, drew their pistols on the mob and were "overpowered," but public opinion must sustain the statement of Judge Shaw, who is holding court in Charlotte, that "two big pistols in the hands of men who were not diligent as to their duty were as harmless as a toy pistol in the hands of a child." These sworn defenders of the law assert that they recognized not a single member of the gang of gunmen who "overpowered" them.

Lynch law survives only where those sworn to protect and preserve justice violate their sacred oath. The majesty of constituted authority cannot be maintained upon a foundation of fear. There is but one way to recall Judge Lynch. Establish in office such men as Sheriff White, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, whose example has been commended to the officers of law of North Carolina by Governor Craig.

A fortnight ago a mob in that city determined to lynch a negro who had been sent to jail to await trial for the usual crime. Sheriff White met the mob at the gate of the jailyard. Sticks of dynamite were exploding near him and the human vultures outside thirsted for blood. The two sons of the sheriff lay ill in the prison. "Gentlemen," said Sheriff White, "I hate to do it, but, so help me God, I am going to kill the first man that enters that gate." Then came a voice from the mob: "He means it, boys'" and no man entered. Before the righteousness of the law, embodied in its intrepid defender, the mob quailed and melted away.

Lynch law would be blotted from the face of the earth forever if the fidelity and the courage of a White flamed in the souls of all those who have sworn, with the help of God, to maintain the law of the land.

OLD SHOCKOE.

Every lover of Richmond will read Miss Ryland's article on this page and will blush at that shameful neglect which she so eloquently describes in her account of a visit to old Shockoe Cemetery.

To read the names which Miss Ryland gleaned from the tombstones of this half-forgotten God's acre is to call the long roll of Virginia fame. Think of the great men interred in those few acres—Dr. Foushee, representative of Virginia in the gatherings of the nation; Benjamin Watkins Leigh, hero of the nullification controversy in Virginia; Peter Francisco—a score of heroes. And above every other name in Shockoe is that of the Virginian who has set his seal forever on every decision of our Federal courts, Chief Justice John Marshall. Where else in America, except in our Hollywood, sleep so many famous men so close together?

We think the thanks of Richmond are due our correspondent for pointing out our neglect of this sacred spot. She would deserve thanks had she but brought once more to the public mind that half-forgotten Du Gueselin, of the Revolution, Peter Francisco.

Do Virginia children read to-day of Peter Francisco, and does the old engraving of his battle with the British troopers hang in many parlors to-day? We fear not, yet it has been but two generations since that mighty man was the popular hero of Virginia folk-stories. Surely old Richmonders remember his fame—his valor with the sword, his prowess as a wrestler, his marvelous strength, his ability to raise a cask of liquor from the floor and to drink from the spigot. Surely, too, those of us who are old enough remember the thrilling tale of his famous fight with Tarleton's dragoons in Amelia. And to think that this remarkable man sleeps in a grave which not a dozen citizens of Richmond can find—sleeps beneath a wild tangle of grass and weeds.

Indeed, as we read our correspondent's letter, we blush with shame for Richmond. How have we ever grown so neglectful, and how can we reconcile ourselves to this desecration of the mighty dead?

How can we forget our fathers?

The United States this year will produce 5,500,000 cans of tomatoes, but this does not take into account the plump scarlet ones that are being made into old-fashioned tomato preserves by Mrs. William Jennings Bryan and other good housekeepers throughout the country.

Wonder what was the motive of the Representative, Scott Ferris, of Oklahoma, in having inserted in the Congressional Record an article by his colleague, Representative Claude Weaver, on "Why I Attend Church"?

Nine cows strayed on the right-of-way of a Wisconsin railroad and ate some dynamite they found near the track. Beef went up again.

A woman suffrage orator says that within a few years woman will be clothed with the ballot. If the present styles endure, it will certainly be the short ballot.

A New Jersey artist painted a landscape miniature on a grain of corn forty years ago, but such a canvas would be too expensive for him now.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

Breakfast Food.

The lights of dawn were rising fast,
When unto me the waitress passed
At breakfast time, so help me Mike,
Some stuff that looked and tasted like
Excelsior.

She said that it was dandy stuff
To make my muscles good and tough.
She filled my order six times o'er,
And still I chewed up more and more
Excelsior.

This thing went on for many days,
The waitresses worked in relays.
My face assumed a wooden look,
But still each morn I grimly took
Excelsior.

My friends advise, as all friends can,
That I'll become a wooden man.
They say there is no doubt of it,
Providing that I do not quit
Excelsior.

But if I do the world is mine,
I'll hire out as a cigar sign.
My life's ambition, this will fill,
I'll never work, but just stand still.
Excelsior!!!

According to Uncle Abner.

Abijah Wicks, who runs the Hotel Hoppertown, says there ain't much money in the hotel business now, as on account of the financial stringency most of the drummers put up at the Farmers' Ten-Cent Feed Barn. Professor Jimkey says the clarinet is one of the hardest instruments to learn to play on, and by gravy, it is also one of the hardest ones to listen to.

Ninety in the shade is nothing unusual in these parts. There are generally more than that in the shade. In fact there is nobody anywhere else during the heated period.

A dago with a hand organ and a monkey was in our midst the other day. This place may not be so large as New York or Chicago, but it has got all the metropolitan frills. There was one accident, however. The hand organ man carried off Hank Tummis's youngest kid by mistake and the monkey is now confined in the city lockup waiting for the owner to come back and claim him.

Elmer Jones has got the hives now, and Miss Amy Pringle, our milliner, calls him her "honey boy."

The Diary of a Bonehead.

There is only one comfortable way to carry a watermelon home and that is in a wheelbarrow. When you start home with a watermelon in your arms, it may weigh ten pounds when you start, but it will weigh eighty-five pounds before you have gone three blocks.

There is only one thing harder than carrying a watermelon home and that is carrying a mattress upstairs, and if Luther Burbank wants to make himself an immortal of immortals, he will stop monkeying with spineless cactus and odorless onions and invent a watermelon that has a handle like a traveling bag.

Last night I bought a watermelon on the way home and had only sixteen blocks to carry it. Buying watermelons is a habit more insidious than the drug habit and harder to shake than the drink habit. No matter how often a man is stung, he will go and buy another watermelon. Some people believe that it is possible to buy a good watermelon at a grocery store, but I have reason to doubt it very seriously.

I wrestled with that watermelon one block and came near to being arrested three times for bumping into pedestrians and shunting them off the sidewalk. First I carried it in the arms like a baby. Then I carried it over the shoulder like a sack of meal. Then I carried it like an armful of wood and finally I carried it like a bushel of corn. I am positive that watermelon weighed forty-five pounds when I started and 100 pounds after I had gone the first block.

Finally I tried to hire a small boy to take it in his little wagon, but he refused. Then I bought his wagon for $3 and put the melon in it and got it to the long flight of steps which lead up to my house. Half way up, the melon slipped and rolled down the steps and out into the street, scaring a horse, which ran away and smashed a perfectly good buggy into kindling wood against a lamp post. I settled for $100 on the spot.

With the aid of three neighbors I cornered the melon and carried it to the house.

When I cut it open, the interior was a pale pink and it tasted like seaweed.

Never again.

Voice of the People

Factory Shut Down.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Referring to the notice in your last issue of the shutting down of the Richmond Electric Works by the City Electrical Department, would say that I desire to make the following statement:

For over ten years Manchester allowed me to operate my test department. Since annexation the works have been under Richmond ordinances, which make no provision for the high tension, voltage, currents, etc., necessary for the testing department.

We have until now hoped to find some ruling by which my test department could operate under the present city ordinances.

Yesterday's developments indicate this is impossible, and our test current is off. As we cannot sell motors untested, and as there is no use building them when we can't sell them, the factory is shut down. It represents a heavy financial loss to me and the loss of a pay roll of about $1,000 a week to labor.

Unless some way is found by which I can run my test department, I will have to go out of business.

I would add that the Administrative Board has already gone to the limits of its authority to help me and relieve the situation.

The matter now, as far as I can see is up to the City Council."

EDWARD J. WILLIS.

Neglected Shockoe.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Your editorial, "Are We Unmindful?" in Monday's issue, reminds me of a letter it has been my intention to mail for some time past. A few weeks ago while in Richmond I visited for the first time the old Shockoe Hill Cemetery. My pilgrimage was to the grave of Peter Francisco, and thither we were led with pride by the keeper, who, by the way, tells me he has served in that capacity for twenty-five or thirty years. There is, strictly speaking, no grave. The keeper went down upon his knees and with his scythe reverently whipped away the rank grasses and briars that covered the spot, thus disclosing a small iron cross red with rust, placed there by the Sons of the Revolution, and behind it a plain wooden slab, from which all trace of lettering has disappeared. And there at our feet, smothered in grass and rankest vegetation, and surrounded on every hand by evidences of the most shameful neglect, was the last resting place of one of the mightiest warriors that ever drew sword!

I wonder how many young Virginians to-day have ever so much as heard the name of Peter Francisco, that great Revolutionary hero and giant, who, according to tradition, could lift a man and hold him at arm's length; pick up another and heave him over his shoulder; who could lift a cask of wine and drink from it as you or I would from a bowl; the story of whose feats as a warrior reads like that of a Bayard or a Coeur de Lion!

As I stood beside that all but nameless grave and looked about me at the scene of desolation and neglect, the rusted, railings, the sagging gates, broken, neglected trees (the few that are left), the grass-grown walks and the wilderness of rank herbage and tangled honey-suckle vines, I thought, "Where is Richmond's pride? What a burning, unpardonable shame!"

Aloud I said: "Why does not somebody place at least a simple monument here to this brave soldier?"

The keeper turned, and with a twinkle in his eye replied, "'Cause he warn't no gin'ral." And so it is. The gold braid and the tossing plumes win the applause; the commonplace bravery of the soldier in the ranks dies unremembered. He was only a private, but no general ever served his native land with a more valiant loyalty than did this unlettered soldier of obscure Portuguese birth, the loved land of his adoption. All honor to his name!

Right here I wish to say of the faithful keeper of Shockoe Hill Cemetery that he knows more Richmond history than any one with whom I have conversed for a long time. After we had finished "swopping" anecdotes about the doughty Francisco, he showed us with much pride about the woefully neglected old place, and we read with interest many famous Richmond names—Galt, Blair, Purcell, Dunlop, Ambler, Watkins Leigh, for whom Leigh Street is named; Foushee, the first Mayor of Richmond, and of whom Foushee Street is the only memorial; Allan, foster-father of Edgar Allan Poe, and many others of like familiar sound. There, under one of the few remaining trees, a venerable poplar, we saw the old bricked-up, slab-covered graves, mossy and neglected, of Chief Justice Marshall and several members of his family, and some distance away we saw the granite shaft erected to the memory of John Hampden Pleasants, the last Virginian to die in a duel, who, rather than take the life of a fellowman, yet jealous of his own honor, placed only blank cartridges in his pistol and fell a self-sacrificed victim to his antagonist.

I wish to ask, why does Richmond neglect this sacred spot? She points with pride to St. John's, and thither visitors are carried daily, for the sake of one man, yet over there on despised Shockoe Hill lie scores of men who have given their hearts blood for their city and their State. The best blood of Virginia sleeps there, and no one cares and few even know.

Another thing I noticed there. The State of Massachusetts has placed over a certain grave in Shockoe Hill a large granite boulder, and set in this boulder is a bronze tablet to commemorate the faithful services of one of that State's humble daughters. In that grave lie the remains of one Elizabeth Van Law.

Shall Virginia do less for her own?

ELIZABETH HAWES RYLAND.

Beulahville.

Prevent Farm Soil Waste.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Feeling that the conservation of our farm lands is one of the most vital and far-reaching problems with which this State, as well as the entire South, has to contend, I cannot refrain from mentioning it again, and I trust you will excuse me for trespassing upon your valuable space.

I appreciated your suggesting a "society for the prevention of cruelty to land." No doubt a society to prevent the destruction of our lands would do a great deal of good in working up public sentiment and help to stop the great destruction that is now going on.

All observing men know that we have a class amongst us that care nothing more for a piece of ground than to get one or two crops off of it. You cannot reach this class by persuasion or telling them what the result of carelessness means. There is another class that through ignorance or thoughtlessness are literally allowing their farms to wash away. Many a fine farm, after the owner got so he could not work it with hired help, has fallen into the hands of tenants and been ruined in a few years.

The writer once heard a man say that he did not want to rent any farm longer than five years, because he could get all there was in it in that time. Now that it will be some time before our Legislature meets, I hope the members-elect will give this matter some thought, and possibly something can be done at the next session to save the lands of the State from those who do not care enough for them to try to take care of them.

The lands of Virginia are her most valuable asset, and nothing should be left undone to take care of them.

It strikes me that the president of our school at Blacksburg ought to take the lead in this matter, and with the assistance of the heads of our other State schools, the commissioner and State Board of Agriculture ought to frame a bill that would be so near perfect that it would meet with the approval of the Legislature and Governor, and no time be lost wrangling over it. No doubt Professor Massey would be of valuable aid in this matter.

W. C. COUSINS.

Nathalie.

City Musings of a Blase Bachelor.

There were costumes from green unto purple;
There were dresses of plush and of mull;
There were fashions the newest and latest,
And fashions decidedly null.
There were eyes that were brightest and bluest;
There were cheeks everlastingly ripe—
But I sat in my corner
And swore, "I'm a goner,"
And puffed at my bachelor pipe.

There was many a sweet invitation,
Bespeaking the latest in scents,
And many a rapt peroration
Detailing momentous events;
Regattas, athletics, excursions
Were mine did I deign but to see—
But seashore or mountain,
Or hillside or fountain,
Life had only troubles for me.

So I sat with my feet on the railing,
And fought the mosquitoes and gnats,
And gave myself over to wailing
That life was all satins and hats:
That girls were but manifestations
Of papa's acquaintance with money—
So I sat with my feet on the railing,
And I said to myself, "It is funny
That no town lass is quite as dear
As that country girl whom I met
last year!"

OLD FRIEND.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin

Some young couples surprise ther friends an' others send out duns. A boy should be seen an' not heard when his voice is changin'.

THE GLAMOUR OF TIME.

By John T. McCutcheon.

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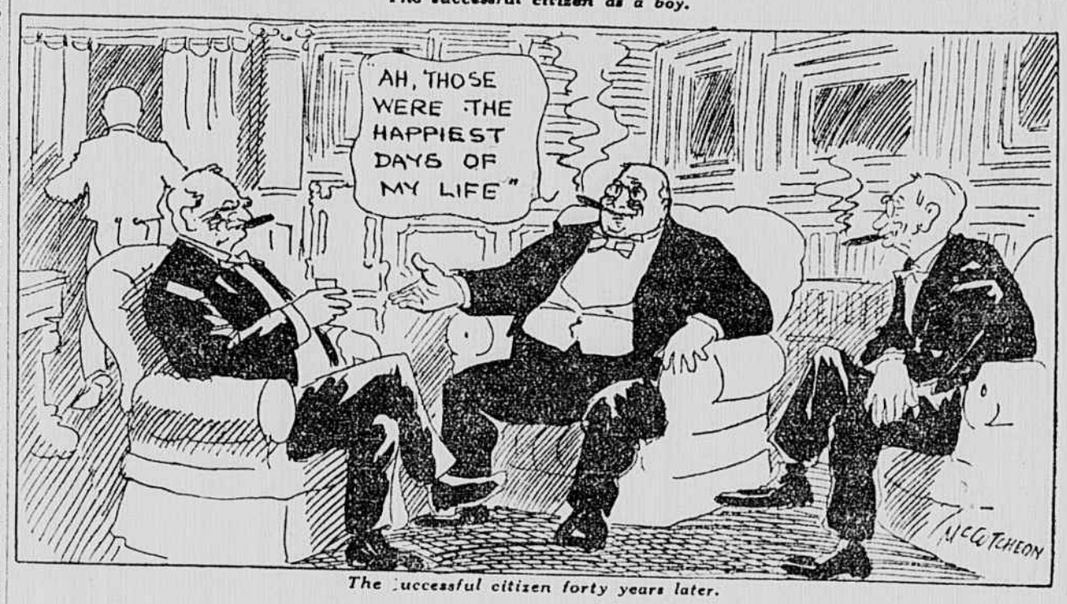
The successful citizen as a boy.



The successful citizen forty years later.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

John Warrock.

Please give the main facts in the life of the old-time Richmond printer, John Warrock. BOSTON.

He was born in Richmond, November 4, 1773, apprenticed to the Petersburg Intelligencer, which released him as a competent journeyman before the end of his articles. He worked a while in Richmond, and then in Baltimore, where he assisted in the foundation of the American and worked on that paper for some years. From there he moved to Hagerstown, where he married a Miss Kirkpatrick, and shortly after returned to his native place, where he spent the rest of his life. In 1814 he became printer to the Senate of Virginia, and held the office for many years. In 1817 he began the publication of the Virginia-North Carolina Almanac, the work with which his name is generally associated, and continued this publication till his death. Mr. Warrock was a distinguished Mason, was often called "the father of the printing profession in Richmond," and was widely known as a man of probity and sound judgment. He died March 7, 1858.

Twenty-Three.

I have never been able to find any satisfactory explanation of the slang phrase, now happily about extinct, "twenty-three for you," etc. As I have not yet failed to get from your column exactly what I asked every time, I now come to you for the information. J. S. D.

You have probably been confused by the attempts to connect with this matter Madame Defarge, the knitting woman in the "Tale of Two Cities." We have somewhere seen the charge that Senator Lodge is responsible for some currency of this folly. The phrase you allude to was common among circus followers twenty years before it "struck Broadway," and thence was scattered through the country at large. It came from a faker's game which used to be carried with many of the circuses, and may be still in use. Part of the apparatus was a cloth with divisions numbered and lettered. One of these was always numbered 23, and had the word "lose" painted in it. On this division the faker kept his money piled up and the "sucker" did not see the dangerous import of that square until he had been steered into an unusually large wager, which always brought about his drawing of the number, 23, and the consequent loss. In the old days the game used to be called "cloth."

Old Richmond.

(1) Please state when the Exchange Hotel was opened. (2) When gas was introduced in Richmond. (3) Who were the Galts, who owned plantations on the river above Richmond? (4) Who was the builder of the residence now standing on the northeast corner of Sixth and Franklin? B.

(1) July 1, 1841. (2) February 15, 1851, the streets were lighted from a gas plant erected by the city. Previously there had been some experimental use of gas. (3) The families of James and William Galt. (4) Edward Cunningham, father of Dr. Richard Cunningham, who was the father of Dr. Frank Cunningham. See Mordecai, 1856, page 87, and an excellent article on the old Cunningham house in the Kirmiss paper, lately published here.

A Puzzle.

If two automobiles of the same size, etc., can each at a speed of 40 miles an hour pass a post in a half-second, what time will be required for them to pass each other? Just state the answer, that I may see if my answer was right. C.

Half a second.

Make-Up of a Book.

When preparing a book for the press does the author divide into chapters, etc., or leave that for the printer? Can you give me any suggestion as to the divisions, etc., of a book?

SUBSCRIBER.

The author does the arranging, etc., himself. You would better make close examination of some well-arranged volume and follow the plan it shows.